

LOST IN DRESS PARADE

MR. TOWERS CHANDLER was pressing his evening suit in his hall bedroom. One iron was heating on a small gas stove; the other was being pushed vigorously back and forth to make the desirable crease that would be seen later on extending in straight lines from Mr. Chandler's patent leather shoes to the edge of his low-cut vest. So much of the hero's toilet may be entrusted to our confidence. The remainder may be guessed by those whom genteel poverty has driven to ignominious expedient. Our next view of him shall be as he descends the steps of his lodging-house immaculately and correctly clothed; calm, assured, handsome—in appearance the typical New York young clubman setting out, slightly bored, to inaugurate the pleasures of the evening.

Chandler's honorarium was \$18 per week. He was employed in the office of an architect. He was twenty-two years old; he considered architecture to be truly an art; and he honestly believed—though he would not have dared to admit it in New York—that the Flatiron Building was inferior in design to the great cathedral in Milan.

Out of each week's earnings Chandler set aside one dollar. At the end of each ten weeks with the extra capital thus accumulated, he purchased one gentleman's evening from the bargain counter of stingy old Father Time. He arrayed himself in the regalia of millionaires and presidents; he took himself to the quarter where life is brightest and showiest, and there dined with taste and luxury. With ten dollars a man may, for a few hours, play the wealthy idler to perfection. The sum is ample for a well-considered meal, a bottle bearing a respectable label, commensurate tips, a smoke, cab fare and the ordinary necessities.

Up Broadway Chandler moved with the vespertine dress parade. For this evening he was an exhibit as well as a gazer. For the next sixty-nine evenings he would be dining in cheviot and worsted at dubious table d'hôte, at which wind-torn counters, on sandwiches and beer in his hall bedroom. He was willing to do that, for he was a true son of the great city of razzle-dazzle, and to him one evening in the limelight made up for many dark ones.

Chandler protracted his walk until the Forties began to intersect the great and glittering primrose way, for the evening was yet young, and when one is of the beau monde only one day in seventy, one loves to protract the pleasure. Eyes bright, sister, curious, admiring, provocative, alluring were bent upon him, for his garb and air proclaimed him a devotee to the hour of solace and pleasure.

At a certain corner he came to a standstill, proposing to himself the question of turning back toward the showy and fashionable restaurant in which he usually dined on the evenings of his special luxury. Just then, a girl scudded lightly around the corner, slipped on a patch of icy sidewalk and fell plump upon the sidewalk.

Chandler assisted her to her feet with instant and solicitous courtesy. The girl hobbled to the curb, the building, leaning against it, and thanked him demurely.

"I think my ankle is strained," she said. "It twisted when I fell." "Does it pain you much?" inquired Chandler.

"Only when I rest my weight upon it. I think I will be able to walk in a minute or two." "If I can be of any further service," suggested the young man, "I will call a cab, or—"

"Thank you," said the girl, softly but heartily. "I am sure you will not trouble yourself any further. It was so awkward of me. And my shoe heels are horribly common-sense; I can't blame them at all."

Chandler looked at the girl and found her swiftly drawing his interest. She was pretty in a refined way; and her eye was both merry and kind. She was inexplicably dressed in a plain black dress that suggested a sort of uniform such as shop girls wear. Her glossy dark-brown hair showed its coils beneath a cheap hat of black straw whose ornament was a velvet ribbon and bow. She could have posed as a model for the self-respecting working girl of the best type.

Word received here from the American Tin Company of New York reports a scarcity of tin. This coupled with the high cost of sugar will mean an advance of from 10 to 40 cents per dozen cans in one standard brand of syrup packed fruit.

One broker quotes syrup packed pears, standard size cans, at \$4.65 a dozen over \$4.25 last season. Other fruits follow: Yellow cling peaches, \$4.15 this year, last year, \$3.75; cherries, \$4.50 this year, last year, \$4.35; apricots, \$3.85 this year, last year, \$3.75.

JUDGES ASK ADVICE ON BERGER SENTENCE

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The appellate judges desired the Supreme Court to state whether Federal Judge Landis, who heard the trial, was within his rights to reject Berger's appeal for change of venue. Berger and his associates, charged with violation of the espionage act, asked the change on the ground that alleged remarks by Judge Landis had shown him prejudiced against German-Americans.

Roy Howard Again Heads United Press Associations

New York, June 24.—At the annual meeting of the directors of the United Press Associations today Roy W. Howard was re-elected president and W. W. Hawkins vice president and general manager. Other officers were elected as follows: K. A. Bickel, vice president and business manager; L. C. Egan, vice president and news manager; Ed. L. Keen, vice president and European manager; C. F. Mesher, treasurer, and Robert H. Fancher, secretary.

DIVORCE REPORT DENIED BY DICKS



Reports that Mrs. Madeline Force Astor Dick has leased a residence at Reno, Nev., with the intention of suing for divorce, are denied by both Mrs. Dick and her husband, William K. Dick, who are now at their Long Island home. She is here as Mrs. and Mr. Dick and Mrs. Dick's son by her first marriage, John Jacob Astor III.

CANNED FRUITS RISE IN PRICE THIS YEAR

Canned fruits will be slightly higher in price this year according to the statement of local brokers and wholesalers.

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When the two were established at a well-appointed table, with a promising waiter hovering in attendance, Chandler began to experience the real joy that his regular outing always brought to him. His companion, even in her cheap hat and dress, held herself with an air that added distinction to the natural beauty of her face and figure. And it is certain that she looked at Chandler, with his animated but self-possessed manner and his kindling and frank blue eyes, with something not far from admiration in her own charming face.

Then it was that the Madness of Manhattan, the Frenzy of Fuss and Feathers, the Bacillus of Boredom, the Provincial Plagues of Pose seized upon Towers Chandler. He was on Broadway, surrounded by pomp and style, and there were eyes to look at him. On the stage of life, comedy he had assumed to play the one-night part of a butterfly of fashion and an idler of means and taste. He was dressed for the part, and all his good angels had put the power to prevent him from acting it.

So he began to prate to Miss Marian of clubs, of teas, of golf and riding and kennels and, on the stage of life, comedy he had assumed to play the one-night part of a butterfly of fashion and an idler of means and taste. He was dressed for the part, and all his good angels had put the power to prevent him from acting it.

Society

By E. C. DRUM-HUNT.

Lady Geddes, wife of the British Ambassador, returned yesterday from a visit in Montreal, Canada.

The Secretary of Labor and Mrs. Wilson will leave today for Blossburg, Pa. Miss Mary Wilson left yesterday for Blossburg, and Miss Agnes Hart-Wilson, the elder daughter of the family, will join her parents there next week.

The Assistant Secretary of Commerce, Edwin F. Sweet, returned Tuesday night after a delay of several weeks, from a visit in St. Louis and on his ranch in Dakota. He visited his son, Carroll Sweet, and his family in Grand Rapids, on route home. Miss Sweet, who accompanied her father, is still in San Francisco. Their plans for the summer have not been completed. They originally intended to go to Massachusetts but Mrs. Sweet may meet her daughter in Michigan and remain there for the summer.

Mrs. Laura Freeman, formerly of this city, who spent the winter in Wellboro, Pa., and who is the guest of Mrs. Sweet, plans to leave shortly to spend the summer in Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Spencer left yesterday for Watch Hill, where they will spend the remainder of the summer.

Mme. Christian Hauge left yesterday for York Harbor.

Mrs. Charles Brownwell expects to leave the first of July by motor for York Harbor, where she has taken a cottage for the summer. She will be accompanied by a party of young people. Miss Mildred Brownwell will join her after the closing of the house party which Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lee are planning the first or second week in July at their place in Elkins, W. Va., for Miss Ellen Bruce Lee.

Mr. and Mrs. Randall Hagner left yesterday for Watch Hill, where they will remain throughout the summer.

The marriage of Miss Ivy Carmen Meloon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clarence Meloon, of Medford Hillsdale, Mass., to Major Ovid Eli Tober, Jr., U. S. A., took place at the home of the bride yesterday. Maj. and Mrs. Roberts will be at home after July 15 at the Wilburton, 1844 Columbia Road.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McCormick have gone to York Harbor.

Mrs. Grace McMillan Gibson has not completed her plans for the summer. Her children are spending the summer on a farm in Connecticut.

Mrs. Fielder M. M. Beall, wife of Col. Beall, U. S. A., entertained at bridge, followed by tea, yesterday afternoon at their beautiful suburban home on the Brookville road, Chevy Chase. The eight tables of bridge were arranged on the porch and under the trees and tea was served at 5 o'clock. Mrs. Beall was assisted by Mrs. William T. Evans, Mrs. Truman O. Murphy and Mrs. Herbert Hall.

Miss Phyllis Hagby, of Richmond, Va., is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hagby, 145 Eleventh street southeast.

The Misses Cullen have sold their residence on K street and purchased the residence of the late Kurt Johnson at 1600 Massachusetts avenue. They will open their new home before leaving Washington for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Hutchinson, who left Washington on an extended motor tour have arrived at the Curtis House, Lenox. They expect to spend July in the Berkshires and the month of August at Swampscott, Mass.

Mrs. John Dwight Filley, of St. Louis, Mo., has come to Washington for a brief stay en route to New York.

Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh, accompanied by the Vice President and Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. John Allan Dougherty has arrived at Del Monte, Cal. They will remain there until the convention opens when they will leave for San Francisco.

Miss Constance Farwell and Miss Flavia Wignall, of Orange, Tex., are spending several weeks in Washington as the guests of Col. and Mrs. A. J. Stuart at the Oakland before going to the White Mountains.

Mrs. Alexander Stewart and Mrs. Mary Stewart are stopping at the Hotel Alexandria during their stay in Los Angeles.

Prof. and Mrs. Henry Gratton Doyle are in Boston attending the Harvard and Radcliffe commencement festivities. They will go to New York and then to Ithaca after a short visit with Mrs. Doyle's parents in Cambridge, where Prof. Doyle will assume his duties in the Cornell University Summer School.

that are handled reverently by the proletariat. It was Chandler's short little day, and he was wringing from it the best that he could be had, as he saw it. And yet once or twice he saw the pure gold of this girl shine through the mist that his egotism had raised between him and all objects.

"This way of living that you speak of," she said, sounds so futile and purposeless. Haven't you any work to do in the world that might interest you more?"

"My dear Miss Marian," he exclaimed—"work! Think of dressing every day for dinner, of making half a dozen calls in an afternoon—with a policeman at every corner ready to jump into your auto and take you to the station, if you get up any greater speed than a donkey cart's gait. We do nothing as the hardest workers in the land."

The dinner was concluded, the waiter generously feigned, and the two walked out to the corner where they had met. Miss Marian walked very well now; her limp was scarcely noticeable.

"Thank you for a nice time," she said frankly. "I must run home now. I liked the dinner very much, Mr. Chandler."

He shook hands with her, smiling cordially, and said something about a game of bridge at his club. He watched her for a moment, walking rather rapidly eastward, and then he found a cab to drive him slowly homeward.

In his chilly bedroom Chandler

laid away his evening clothes for a sixty-nine days' rest. He went about it thoughtfully.

"That was a stunning girl," he said to himself. "She's all right, too. I'd be sworn, even if she does have to work. Perhaps if I'd told her the truth instead of all that razzle-dazzle we might—but confound it! I had to play up to my clothes."

Thus spoke the brave who was born and reared in the wigwags of the tribe of the Manhattanes. The girl, after leaving her entertainer, sped swiftly cross-town until she arrived at a handsome and sedate mansion two squares to the east, facing on that avenue which is the highway of Mammon and the auxiliary gods. Here she entered hurriedly and ascended to a room where a handsome young lady in an elaborate house dress was looking anxiously out of the window.

"Oh, you madcap!" exclaimed the older girl, when the other entered. "When will you quit frightening us this way? It is two hours since you ran out in that rag of an old dress and Marie's hat! Mamma has been so alarmed. She sent Louis in the auto to try to find you. You are a bad, thoughtless puss."

The elder girl touched a button, and a maid came in a moment. "Marie tell mamma that Miss Marian has returned."

"Don't scold, sister. I only ran down to Mme. Theo's to tell her to send some of those pink. My costume and Marie's

hat were just what I needed. Everyone thought I was a shoggy, I am sure."

"Dinner is over, dear; you stayed so late."

"I know. I slipped on the sidewalk, and turned my ankle. I could not walk, so I hobbled into a restaurant and sat there until I was better. That is why I was so long."

The two girls sat in the window seat, looking out at the lights and the stream of hurrying vehicles in the avenue. The younger one cuddled down with her head in her sister's lap.

"We will both have to marry some day," she said dreamily. "Both of us. We have so much money that we will not be allowed to disappoint the public. Do you want me to tell you the kind of a man I could love, Sis?"

"Go on, you scatterbrain," smiled the other.

"I could love a man with dark and kind blue eyes, who is gentle and respectful to poor girls, who is handsome and good and does not try to flirt. But I could love him only if he had an ambition, an object some work to do in the world. I would not care how poor he was if I could help him build his way up. But, sister dear, the kind of man we always meet—the man who lives an idle life between society and his clubs—I could not love a man like that, even if his eyes were blue and he was so kind to poor girls whom he met on the street."

Representative Sydney E. Mudd, of La Plata, Md., a former assistant secretary of the House of Representatives, is receiving congratulations upon his thirty-fifth birthday. Mr. Mudd is a son of the late Sydney E. Mudd, who for many years was the Republican representative from the same congressional district. He received his early education in Maryland and District schools. He is a member of the National Sports Club. He resides here at the Fowlshean.

The marriage of Miss Lillian Pratt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James D. Pratt, to Frank Farren Kells, of Greenfield, Mass., took place yesterday morning at 9 o'clock at the home of her parents on Rock Creek Church road in the presence of the immediate families, the Rev. F. Paul Lathrop officiating. Miss Pratt, whose former home was in Virginia, has lived in Washington for three years, where she has been the private secretary to Representative C. B. Sloop, of Virginia.

Immediately following the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Kells left for a honeymoon of one month, which will include most of the principal Eastern cities. A trip will return to Washington to live after August 1.

The wedding of Miss Estelle Beatrice Gottlieb, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis S. Gottlieb, of 615 Irving street, northwest, to Mr. Jacob L. Fain, of New York, took place last night at the home of the bride's parents. The Rev. Dr. George Silverstone performed the ceremony in the presence of the nearest relatives and friends.

The bride, whose father gave her in marriage, wore a white satin gown, with a court train, trimmed with point lace and tulle veil, which was caught up with a coronet of orange blossoms. She carried a bouquet of sweet peas and lilies of the valley. Miss Sarah Fain, sister of the bridegroom, was the maid of honor. A reception followed the ceremony, after which Mr. and Mrs. Fain left for a trip North, from which they will return about August 1. They will make New York their permanent home. Among the guests were:

The Assistant Secretary of Labor and Mrs. Louis F. Post, Representative Henry M. Goldfogle, of New York; Milton Kraus, of Indiana; Mr. and Mrs. Rubin Fain, of Providence, parents of the groom; Louis Fain, brother and sister of the groom; Misses Jeanette and Rebecca Fain, cousins of the groom; Mr. and Mrs. Angel Gribbins, Miss J. B. Clarke, Miss Sylvia Clark, Hyman Cohen, Mr. and Mrs. R. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Max Goleb, Mr. and Mrs. S. Amsterdam, Dr. and Mrs. S. Cooper, Samson Finkelstein, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Fein, of Boston, and Mrs. Fanny Goldenberg, of Boston.

Three apartment owners were awarded possession of their buildings in contests settled by the rent commission yesterday. One owner was refused possession.

L. Klaben and Ida Klaben, owners of the residence at 2108 Fourteenth street northwest, were awarded possession of the place in accordance with the 30-day notice served on the tenant, Mrs. E. C. Ross. William J. Johnstone, 497 Blair road, was ordered to vacate, and the owner, Mrs. Daisy T. Serviss, being held good. Notification served by Helen L. Felter on Linwood Walters, 3013 Dumbarton road, was held good by the commission and the latter ordered to move.

Notification served by Roy W. Nelson on Mrs. Mary Smith to quit the residence at 520 Twenty-third street northwest, was held legally insufficient.

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Marriage or art? The same question that has troubled so many Occidental maids confronts little Hana Shimozummi, the only Japanese light opera singer in the world. She is engaged to a Japanese student studying medicine at the University of California. Soon she will be through with her internship at a San Francisco hospital and the charming singer of sweet songs will have to make up her mind.

Miss Shimozummi was raised in the home of an American family in San Francisco, and cannot speak a word of Japanese, though her parents are Nipponese. She loves the stage, and especially her favorite role as "Yum Yum" in "The Mikado." Those who know her don't blame the prince for falling desperately in love with her.

By O. Henry

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